

SPAWN



Capullo

D.

McFarlane

119



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

A season in hell - part III

DEDICATED TO
THE MEMORY OF
JENNIFER BENTON

PLOT

TODD McFARLANE
BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY

BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS

ANGEL MEDINA

INKS

DANNY MIKI
VICTOR OLAZABA
ALLEN MARTINEZ
CRIME LAB STUDIOS

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SPAWN 118 SUMMARY

Spawn envisions the lives of his predecessors, including his own past life as Al Simmons. Is what he's seeing real or imagined? If real, how will the scene he observes at his own funeral affect what he has always supposed to be true? In his original agreement with Malebolgia, he acquiesced to becoming a Hellspawn in order to be reconciled with his beloved Wanda; but were his memories of his marriage accurate? As Spawn descends into Hell with Cog at his side, will he finally abandon all connections to his previous world and take his place on the throne that he inherited from Malebolgia?



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



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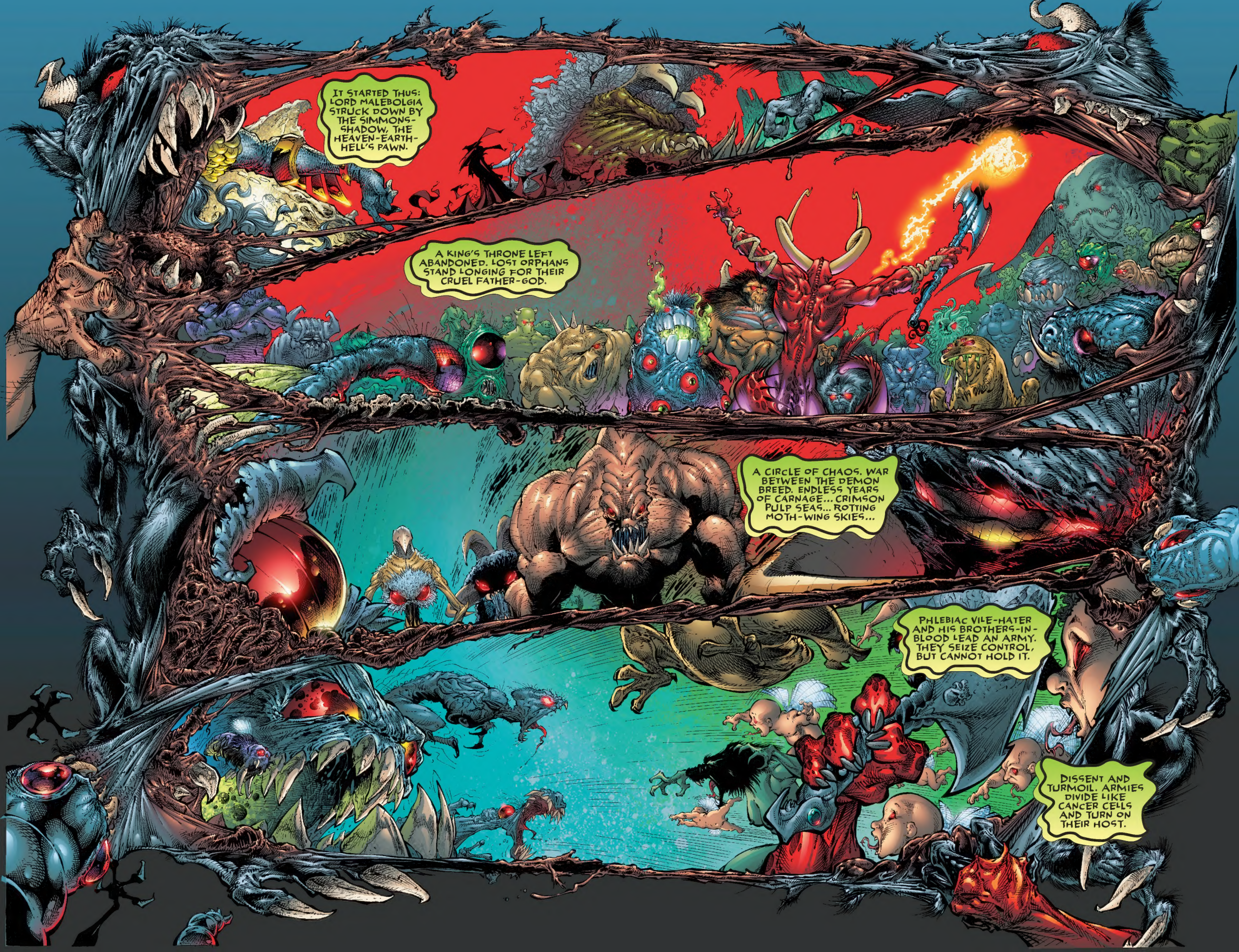
HELL IS A
BEAST WITH
MANY
FACES.

A GOB OF SPIT
CAST DOWN
FROM HEAVEN.
SNARLING
CHAOS,
HOWLING MAD.
THROAT-OF-
THORNS
SHRIEKING
INTO THE IDIOT
WIND.

COME ONE,
COME ALL,
SOMETHING
FOR
EVERYONE...
A MILLION AND
ONE FLAVORS
OF PAIN...

EXCRUCIATING.

EXQUISITE.




IT STARTED THUS:
LORD MALEBOLGIA
STRUCK DOWN BY
THE SIMMONS-
SHADOW, THE
HEAVEN-EARTH-
HELL'S PAWN.

A KING'S THRONE LEFT
ABANDONED. LOST ORPHANS
STAND LONGING FOR THEIR
CRUEL FATHER-GOD.

A CIRCLE OF CHAOS. WAR
BETWEEN THE DEMON
BREED. ENDLESS YEARS
OF CARNAGE... CRIMSON
PULP SEAS... ROTTING
MOTH-WING SKIES...

PHLEBIAC VILE-HATER
AND HIS BROTHERS-IN-
BLOOD LEAD AN ARMY.
THEY SEIZE CONTROL,
BUT CANNOT HOLD IT.

DISSENT AND
TURMOIL. ARMIES
DIVIDE LIKE
CANCER CELLS
AND TURN ON
THEIR HOST.



THE SOULS' REBELLION: MAD MARK, CHILD BEAST OF SAINT MONICA, LEADS A LEGION OF THE DAMNED.

THE MURDERERS' BRIGADE CRIES FREEDOM AND RAILS AGAINST THE DEMONIC LORDS.

YEARS PASS. YEARS AND MORE. POWER SHIFTS LIKE DESERT SANDS.

HELL'S CIRCLE... BROKEN UPON THE WHEEL... A HISSING SERPENT, IT SEEPS ACROSS THE BORDERS INTO THE WORLD ABOVE...

AND STILL, DOWN BELOW, THEY FIGHT. TOOTH AND CLAW. FANG AND TALON. WHAT WILL THEY SAY NOW? WHAT WILL THEY DO?

NOW THAT THEIR KING IS RETURNED...



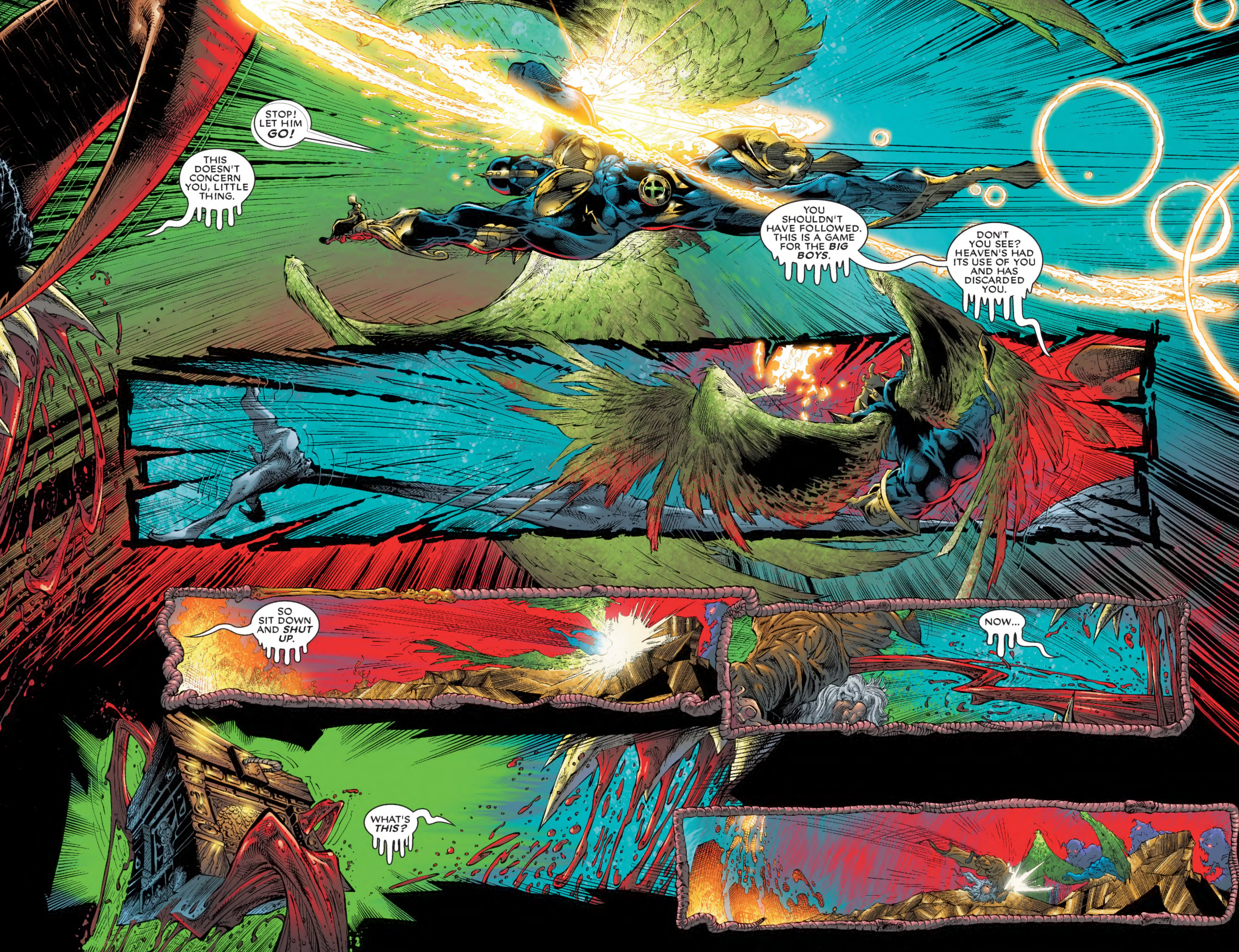
KIN-
SLAYER...
FIRST-OF-
KILLERS...

YOU SAD,
QUIVERING
LITTLE LUMP
OF SHIT. WE HAVE
BEEN WAITING A
VERY, VERY
LONG TIME
FOR YOU.

I NEVER
THOUGHT
YOU'D HAVE
THE BALLS
TO COME
HERE.

AND
DESPAIR...

LOOK
UPON YOUR
WORKS, OLD
MAN...



STOP!
LET HIM
GO!

THIS
DOESN'T
CONCERN
YOU, LITTLE
THING.


YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE FOLLOWED.
THIS IS A GAME
FOR THE **BIG**
BOYS.

DON'T
YOU SEE?
HEAVEN'S HAD
ITS USE OF YOU
AND HAS
DISCARDED
YOU.

SO
SIT DOWN
AND SHUT
UP.

NOW...

WHAT'S
THIS?



WHERE
DID YOU GET
THIS? DID... DID
HE GIVE THIS
TO YOU?

IS
THAT YOUR
GAME?

HA HA HA!

PLEASE...
I NEED...

YOU
DIDN'T
REALLY THINK
IT WOULD
MAKE A
DIFFERENCE
DID YOU?

YOU'RE
A GREATER
FOOL THAN
I HAD
GUESSED.

SO...
TRYING
TO SNEAK
OFF WITH
OUR LITTLE
PLAYTHING,
WERE YOU?

LET ME
BE CLEAR: I
WANT THE THRONE
OF HELL. I'VE WAITED
A LOOONG TIME FOR
IT. AND I WILL SEIZE
IT BY ANY MEANS
NECESSARY.

AND EVEN A
FEW THAT AREN'T
NECESSARY.

UGHNN...

SAY THE WORDS,
HELLSPAWN. TELL ME
THE THRONE IS MINE.
IT'S OF NO USE TO YOU.
BOW DOWN BEFORE
ME AND ALL THIS
CAN BE OVER...

N-N-NO....

I'M QUITE
GOOD AT MY
JOB. I'VE
BEEN DOING
IT A LONG
TIME.

AND I CAN
HURT ANYBODY.
EVEN A SOMEONE
AS IN LOVE WITH
HIS OWN
SUFFERING AS
YOU...

I KNOW
YOUR WEAK
SPOTS,
SPAWN...

YAAHHH!



WANDA...
PERFECT, IDEALIZED
WANDA. SHE *BELONGS*
TO US, YOU KNOW. WE'VE
PLANTED OUR SEED IN HER.
CARVED OUR NAME
ON HER WOMB.

WHEN
SHE COMES
TO US, I WILL
SEE THAT SHE
SUFFERS AS NO
SOUL EVER
HAS.

WRITHING
IN AGONY FOR
ALL *ETERNITY*. AND
I WILL MAKE SURE
SHE KNOWS... EVERY
PAINFUL MOMENT...
THAT IT IS ALL
YOUR FAULT.

SO,
SPAWN...
WHAT DO
YOU--

WOMP!


SHOULDN'T...
HAVE
MENTIONED...
WANDA.

OOOOH...
LITTLE MAN, DID
I MAKE YOU
MAD?!



GOOD!


I WAS
HOPING WE
COULD DO THIS
THE HARD
WAY.



WE'RE
GOING TO
TEAR YOU TO
SCRAPS, HELL-
SPAWN.

AND
THEN I'M
GOING TO SUCK
THE MARROW
FROM YOUR
BONES.

THE BATTLE ECHOES
ACROSS THE FIELDS
OF HELL.

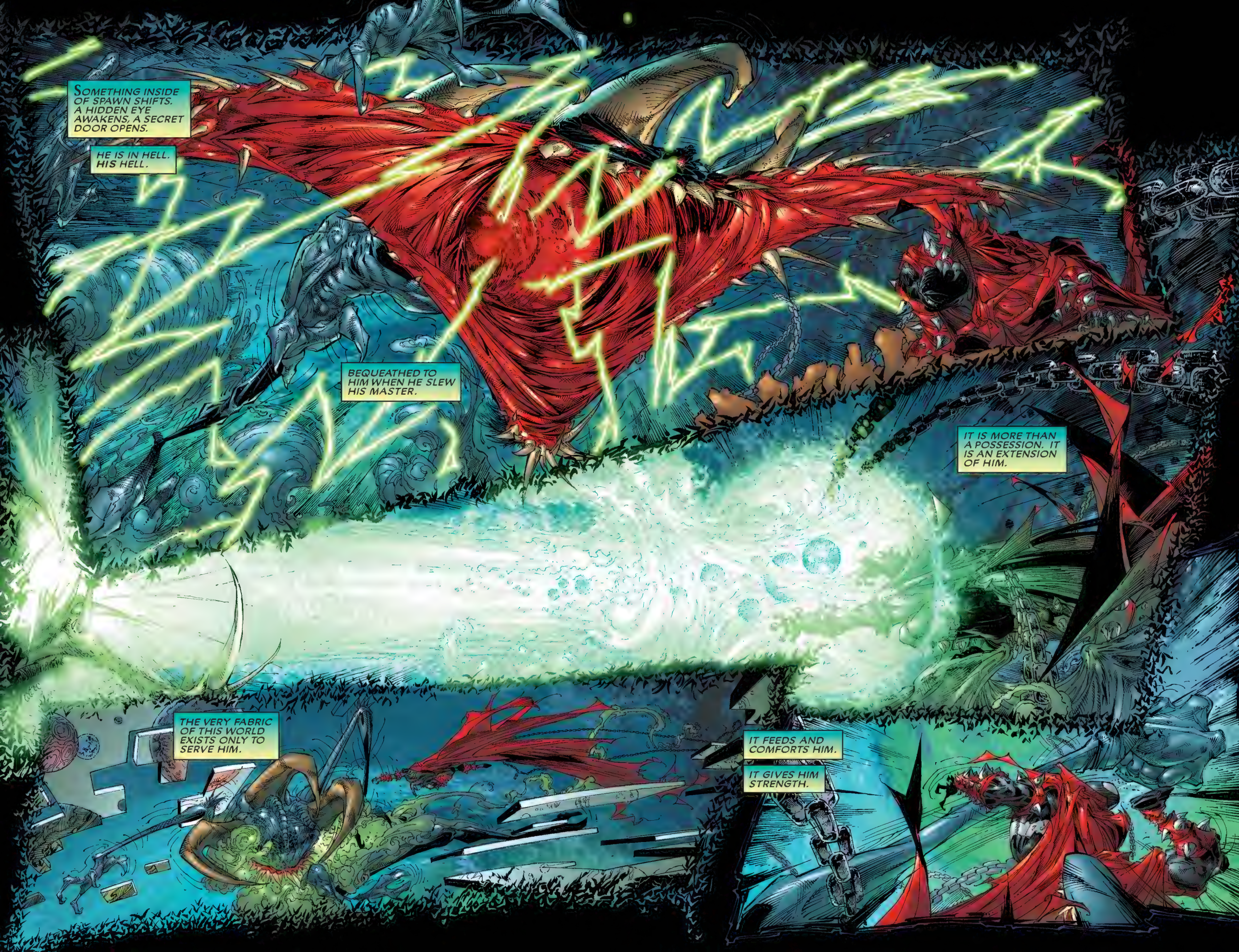


FROM THE
PILLARS OF
TARTARUS TO
THE WASTES
OF NIHIL.

FROM THE
DROWNING
SHALLOWS
TO THE
FOREST OF
THORNS.

ALL
PERDITION
QUAKES.

COME ON,
CAPTAIN MISERY!
IS THAT THE BEST
YOU'VE GOT? WHAT ARE
YOU PLANNING DO?
MOPE ME INTO
SUBMISSION?!



SOMETHING INSIDE
OF SPAWN SHIFTS.
A HIDDEN EYE
AWAKENS, A SECRET
DOOR OPENS.

HE IS IN HELL.
HIS HELL.

BEQUEATHED TO
HIM WHEN HE SLEW
HIS MASTER.

IT IS MORE THAN
A POSSESSION. IT
IS AN EXTENSION
OF HIM.

THE VERY FABRIC
OF THIS WORLD
EXISTS ONLY TO
SERVE HIM.

IT FEEDS AND
COMFORTS HIM.

IT GIVES HIM
STRENGTH.




STRENGTH
BEYOND HIS
GREATEST
IMAGINING.

EVERY
BLOW
HE ENDURES
ONLY SERVES
TO STEEL HIS
RESOLVE.

EVERY
HEARTBEAT
INCREASES
HIS MIGHT A
HUNDRED-
FOLD.

THE CHAINS
THAT ONCE
HELD HIM IN
THRALL NOW
WHIP OUT
INSTINCTIVELY.

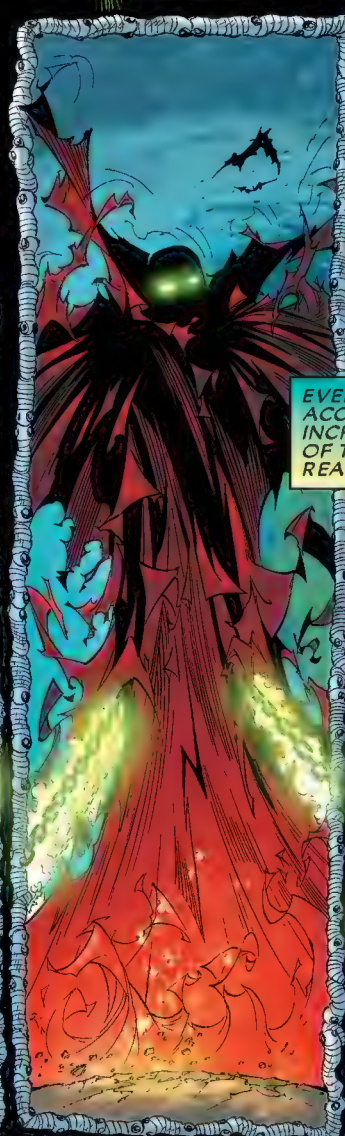


THEY
ANCHOR
HIM TO
THE CORE
OF THIS
WORLD.

PULSING ARTERIES
THAT FLOW WITH
LIMITLESS POWER.




EVERY DARK
CORNER...



EVERY
ACCURSED
INCH
OF THIS
REALM...



IS HIS TO
COMMAND.



HIS VOICE
IS FIRE. HIS
WORDS ARE
THUNDER.

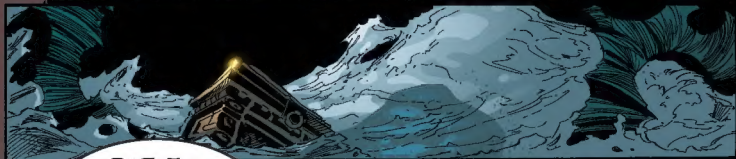
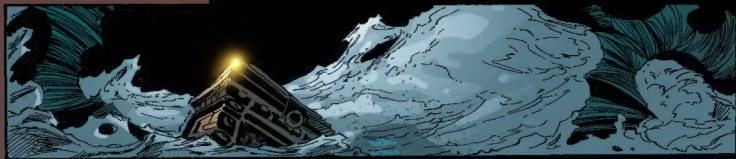
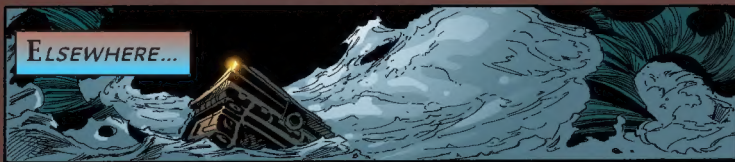
DO YOUR
WORST.

CALL ALL
THE HORDES
OF HELL TO YOUR
SIDE. IT MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE.

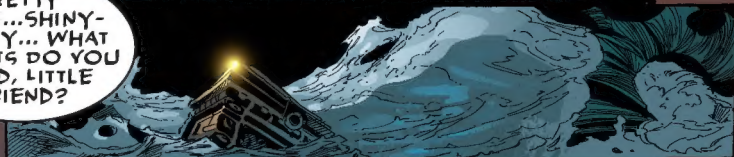
THIS
REALM IS
MINE.

AND I HAVE
AN ARMY OF
MY OWN!

ELSEWHERE...

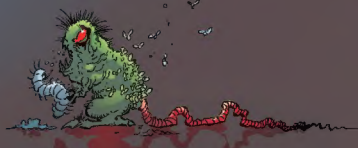



PRETTY
THING... SHINY-
PRETTY... WHAT
SECRETS DO YOU
HOLD, LITTLE
FRIEND?



FROM THE
VALLEY OF
THE TEARS
COMES A
GREAT
CRACKING
SOUND...

... AS
ANCIENT
CHAINS
BREAK
AND SLIP
FOR THE
FIRST
TIME IN
MEMORY.






OVER THE RISE THEY COME...

AWAKENED FROM
EONS OF PRIVATE
TORMENT...

...TO FIGHT
BESIDE THEIR
KING AND
BROTHER.

THE LEGION
OF THE MOST
DAMNED, THE
ARMY OF THE
HELLSPAWN,
CUT A RAGGED
SWATH ACROSS
THE FACE OF
HELL.



TRAITORS
AND REBELS...
DEMONS AND
DAMNED...
CHOOSE YOUR
SIDES.

THE KING OF
HELL
HAS
RETURNED!



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE